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MONEY-MAKING AND MONEY-MAKERS.

THERE are two certain methods of making money in the world, independent of 'coining'—which last is a means so disrespectful, as to place it out of the pale of discussion in this *Journal*. The first, which marches in slow time, is effected by Application; and the second, which does not march at all, but takes standing-leaps wherever there is opportunity, by Genius.

Any man, not absolutely an idiot, can amass vast sums of money, who applies his energies solely to that end. The merest beggar, who has youth on his side to start with, and sets himself resolutely to make as much and to spend as little as possible, is pretty sure, if he be 'spared' till threescore years and ten, to have laid up a great treasure—'a very pretty sum,' as Mr Rogers calls it, 'to begin the next world with.' In a commercial country such as ours, it is generally imagined that he who has made money, must have done so by some sort of extraordinary sagacity; but this needs not to be the case. If a man have only self-denial—which is a very different thing from unselfishness—a very little brains will take him a great way on the road to wealth. Wife, children, and friends have only to be dispensed with; the interchange of social amenities, the indulgence of all personal gratifications, save one, to be resolutely checked; the human being to become a machine set on a railway, on which the points are never altered; and even a fool shall thus become a very rich man. It will be urged by many, that a fool would be incapable of such sacrifices; but that objection arises because we have a conventional notion of a fool. In truth, none but the very greatest of fools would barter all the sweets of existence for a sack full of gold. As a general rule, a man of moderate wealth is wiser than a poor man; poverty is itself so objectionable a condition, that persons of sense will make great struggles, and exercise considerable abnegation to escape falling into it; but even a poor man is wiser than one who has set his heart on money, and made it, for in attaining his goal, he drops all that is worth living for on the road. To deery wealth is as vulgar as to worship it; but the man with whom the making of money is the end of life is more pitiable even than the spendthrift, inasmuch as the latter may have some fond heart—wounded by himself, perchance—to pity

him; but the former has bartered all hearts for gold. I do not speak of misers, for they are a kind of madmen—human ravens, with a horrible instinct for hiding things away in holes—but of those who, *having no necessity*, still concentrate their hearts and minds upon the acquisition of gain. It is vain for such persons to say: 'When I have made this or that sum, I will stop, and begin to enjoy myself;' for, through long disuse, they have lost the very faculty of enjoyment. They may purchase friends indeed; but bought friends are as unsatisfactory as artificial flowers. They may determine to become quite social acquisitions themselves; but how are they to set about it? A wrangler who has never known anything of poetry beyond the Rule of Three in verse, might just as well shut himself up with Shelley's *Skylark*, with the intention of entertaining thoughts too deep for tears.

The universal desire for making money which floods the advertisement sheets, and covers the blank walls, and exhibits itself at every turn in external life, has been somewhat unjustly ridiculed and reprobated; for the persons censured are not necessarily greedy after gain for its own sake, but are urgently in want of something which gain will supply. I may advertise my indispensable corn-plaster, or placard my famous feat of holding on to a rope by my eyelids, without my mind being entirely engrossed by the consideration of the profits arising therefrom; or I may sweep a fashionable crossing, and very urgently importune the passers-by, and yet, when work is done, I may be an excellent father, husband, citizen, and a most congenial companion at the dinner-table, without suffering the coppers which distend my pockets to corrode my soul.

The man who 'keeps his eye on the main chance,' without winking, is, in short, a very disagreeable person, but one who is quite certain to attain his end. Uncle Alf, for instance, who died last year, worth £50,000, never winked once through a life of seventy years; he left his wealth to hospitalists at last, and his generosity is extolled in elegant Latin and fresh gilding on the walls of many a board-room; but he was never generous save on that one occasion, and with what—being his nephew—I may almost call *other people's property*. He patronised the first of the two methods of 'making money'—namely, by Application; and it cannot be said that he did not earn it, for he was a parish doctor. What sort of a

man Uncle Alfred was when he began that promising profession, I know not except from hearsay; for when I first became acquainted with him, he was the head of the medical firm of Smug and Snawley, and drove a—well, a pill-box upon wheels. Snawley did all the parish business, and all the 'club' cases—which were undertaken for 2s. 6d. a head—and Alfred Smug, F.R.C.S., confined his practice to the paying patients only. For a man to have laid by anything in such a position as Snawley occupied, and which Smug had originally filled, shewed certainly a very great talent for acquisition in my deceased uncle; and when he once began to have a balance at his banker's, it is easy to believe that it increased in geometrical progression. But he never grew proud, not he; he used to say that there were very few men in the world who could afford *that* luxury; but to the day of his death would hob and nob with the smallest farmer (at the latter's expense), or sit for hours by the bedside of an ailing artisan, were he only in receipt of good wages, and not a member of the Benefit Society aforesaid. No poor man ever left Uncle Alfred's house without the kindest advice and the most powerful medicines—*suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*—provided that he had the money to pay for them; if he had not the money, 'Mr Snawley would be at home in the course of the afternoon, and attend to his esteemed order.'

I really do not know a more pleasing type of the money-getter by Application than the relative I have in my mind. He never gave me a rude word (although I was far from rich myself), nor even unpalatable advice, as most uncles do, nor the least suspicion, during our lengthened connection, that he had any design of leaving his property in charity. He has even praised me when I sometimes paid a turnpike for him out of my own pocket, observing that he always liked to see a young man free with his money. His memory will long abide in the district, and if his actions do not exactly 'smell sweet and blossom in his dust,' it must be remembered that he kept a dispensary and not a market-garden. I will conclude with one of his actions.

He was coming home one afternoon in the pill-box through a certain hamlet, when an excited woman ran out of one of the cottages, and besought him to look in and see her husband, who had a bad leg. Drops of compassion began to gather upon Uncle Alfred's eyelids as she told her pitiful story, while he remarked the respectability of her attire, and the promise of payment given by the external appearance of the cottage.

'A bad leg, has he?' observed he, having convinced himself of the solvency of the sufferer; 'and how did he get that?'

The poor woman, who had already entered into the most elaborate details, began again, and this time Mr Smug listened.

'So you thought it was ringworm, did you? And Mrs Nettlerash recommended you to put ink to it, did she? And you thought it was not worth while to call in the doctor, eh? Ah! let me see your poor—I mean your dear husband's leg.'

Then he entered the cottage, the furniture of which came up to his expectations, and was ushered to the bedside of the patient, and examined his leg.

'It is a very providential circumstance, my good woman, that you called me in when you did. You may thank your stars that Mrs Nettlerash did not make you a widow in a very short time. Ringworm! ink! Why, good heavens, the case is a most serious one, a case surrounded by doubts and difficulties—he has got indications of *Dontmoyer Tryagenyer*.'

'Heaven preserve him!' exclaimed the poor woman. 'I must see him night and morning, then,' observed my uncle gravely. 'Let one of your lads come home with me for a bottle of lotion and some pills. Good-

bye, my good man; keep up your spirits.' And Uncle Alf slowly descended the stairs, muttering portions of a Latin prescription. Still he was not so self-involved as to leave the house without giving the woman time to offer him a fee.

'I must see your husband constantly,' reiterated he, with the intention of making the delicate operation of payment less awkward to the lady.

'Well, sir, if he be so bad as that, I think you'd better give us a ticket for the club at once, so that we may draw the sick allowance.'

'The club!' exclaimed Uncle Alf, holding on to the table for support—'do you belong to the club?' Then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he murmured: 'Why, I never used my spectacles! Did I use my spectacles, my good woman? No, I thought not. Dear me, how extraordinary that I should have forgotten them!' He drew an enormous pair from his coat-pocket, and observed: 'I must see your husband's leg *again*, with *these* on.' After the second inspection of the limb, Uncle Alf addressed the wife as follows:

'It is a very providential circumstance that I came up to see this poor man a second time, and wearing my spectacles. I had quite mistaken the nature of his complaint at first. I should have gone away, leaving you a prey to groundless alarm. There is not the slightest cause for my giving you a certificate for the club. It is the simplest—I had almost said a healthy form of ringworm. It is altogether unnecessary that I should see your husband again. He can't do better than go on with the ink.'

Uncle Alf drove home at a quicker pace than customary that afternoon, observing to himself repeatedly, that he had never wasted half an hour in his life before, and I don't believe he ever had.

He died, as I have said, worth fifty thousand pounds, but without having experienced the least enjoyment in life beyond amassing that treasure. A great number of persons attended his funeral, but not one of them would have been present except for their curiosity to see the contents of his will, which, however, greatly disappointed them. R. I. P.

The money-makers by Genius are very much more interesting than the class to which Uncle Alf belonged. They do not sacrifice themselves at the altar of Plutus, and yet they never let slip a profitable opportunity of paying their devotions to that deity. They cannot be said to speculate, and yet they are the originators of all sorts of prosperous enterprises. They either create a demand in the public, by persuading it, for instance, that it has got diptheria, for which they sell anti-diptheric plasters; or they supply a demand which already exists, as by inventing a coat-collar to confound garroters. I have no doubt (although I have as yet seen no prospectus from the company), that they have already started a tungstate-of-soda-washerwomen's-association to mitigate the evils of crinoline. Instances of their ingenuity appear in the advertising columns of the *Times* daily, and, I am sorry to say, sometimes in the police reports. A butcher in Newgate Market lately conceived an admirable plan of making money, which, however, can never become of general utility, since only a butcher, or at least a gentleman who possesses a live ox and a slaughter-house, can put it into execution. This butcher directed an unhappy foreigner, proceeding to Paternoster Row—perhaps with the intention of selling the copyright of a work upon zoology—up a *cul de sac* of his own, and immediately afterwards drove an ox in after him, like a ramrod after a cartridge. Iron bars alone surrounded the whole of this arena, so that the general public were not deprived of any of the exciting spectacle. The foreign gentleman, after expecting instant death for a few hours, which must have seemed rather long ones, offered a ransom of half-a-crown; this being deemed by his captor as much as he was likely to get, was

graciously accepted, and the ox having been pulled backwards (as I suppose) by the tail, the terrified alien was suffered to make his escape. A police magistrate, to whom he subsequently applied for redress, instead of taking a humorous view of this little pecuniary transaction, fined the butcher forty shillings, but the frowns of the Secretary of State himself would not suppress my admiration for my ingenious countryman. There was no preconceived plan, no bait, no lure of any description, as in the vulgar transactions of the share-market; but the opportunity of making money presenting itself, it was taken advantage of on the instant with what rough materials chanced to be handy.

For Genius, I know nothing like the above, except the exploit of a certain inhabitant of Whitechapel, now in years, but who was greatly esteemed among the medical profession in his youth, for body-snatching. Passing down Fleet Street in the full tide of a summer noon, he had the good-fortune to be near a gentleman who dropped down with *coup de soleil*, and almost instantly expired. Most persons would have had their judgments disordered by such a distressing accident; some might have been shocked; a few might even have been moved to pity; but our astute young gentleman, upon the instant, took upon himself the filial duties of a bereaved and affectionate son. He wrung his hands with vehemence, he pulled a hair or two out of his head in affected agony, he called upon his parent to acknowledge him—which was hardly to have been expected—with his last breath; then he explained to the gathering multitude that he was not rich, and that the funeral expenses of his deceased relative thus cut off before their eyes, would fall uncommon heavy on his orphaned shoulders; having collected a handsome sum to defray the undertaker's bill, he placed the body with many tears in a hackney-coach, and sold it to the surgeons, reserving its handsome suit of clothes for his own wearing.

Uncle Alf, and the money-getters of his class, with all the will in the world for doing such a stroke of business, would have been utterly incapable of so grand a *coup* as this.

I know, however, no more pleasing example of the talent under consideration, than was exhibited by Mr Toby Large, a publican of the village in which I am at present residing, and it is the more to be admired since he made his gain out of what would seem to be a disadvantage. Toby labours under the personal defect—or perhaps I should say excess—of weighing about three-and-twenty stone, and this makes him a little short-winded. Travel of all kinds is irksome to him, but he always goes to London at Christmas-time to see the pantomimes, and a very unwelcome sight to the money-takers he is, for he takes up the room of three at the price of one. The innkeepers are not very anxious to see him either, for his appetite at 'the ordinary' is extraordinary, so that he rarely honours the same hotel with his patronage twice. This last Christmas, he was at the *Three Tuns*, where the following piece of good-fortune befell him, which I give in his own words.

'After supper one night there was a lot of folks in the smoking-room, and the talk turned upon runners and such like—what you call Predestination, because, I suppose, most matches is "made safe" beforehand. There was two or three talking very big about *Deerfoot* and the *Windsor Antelope*, and a heap of fellows famous with their feet; and presently one turns round to me and observes that I look very much as if I wanted to make a match, for that I was just the figure for a runner. All the company larfed at this; but when I answered that it was no matter how I looked, but that I was quite ready to run *Deerfoot*, or any other man, for a hundred yards, if I might name my own ground, and have ten yards in advance, I thought all that heard me would have died o' larling—

thin as they were. Would I wager anything to prove my word, said they.

"Well," said I, "I am no betting-man, but I'll wager fifty pounds."

"Done," says the fellow who had first spoken; "you shall run agen me; it is a great deal too good a thing to let *Deerfoot* have. Let us stake our money with the landlord, and sign articles at once."

'So I drew up the document, setting forth that the race was to come off that day-week down at *Mudboro'* here, in *Wunman's Lane*. The London chap did not even take the trouble to come down and look at the ground, he felt so sure of the money, and yet he didn't get it neither. I said I was to have ten yards start; but, bless ye, half a yard would have been quite enough in *Wunman's Lane*. I can scarcely get along it, broadside on, by myself, and as for *passing me*, why my very shadder can hardly do it. His fifty pounds was handed over without our going through the formality of a start at all; and the London chap was very good-natured about it too; all he asked was for me to give him particulars of my weight and size, and permission to use my name in any bets of a similar kind; so now parties come down pretty often, whom he has persuaded to back themselves agen me on my own ground with a little start, and goes back disappointed enough, and pays their money. Yes; though I says it as shouldn't say it, I calls it a very knowing way of turning a pound or two.'

And, for my own part, I agree with Mr Toby Large, and think him a kind of Genius, although his personal appearance, I allow, is opposed to that theory.

As a general rule, men don't make money in mines, I believe, although most people try their luck with them. I suppose there are few persons with a few hundred pounds to spare who have not, at some period or other, seen a nice opportunity for a little investment under ground. It is not a thing that you can easily get a 'warm' man to confess, but most of our well-to-do acquaintances have once in their lives seen 'a promising opening' in some mine or another, and dropped their money down it. The capacities of a mine for *swallowing* the precious metals are unrivalled, whatever may be its powers of producing them. *Wheal Lucy Jane* has a more confirmed habit of making 'calls' than any lady of fashion, and in the end but too often turns out the reverse of *weal*. Even if this be not the case, the speculation is far too risky to be undertaken by any genuine money-maker. Application is of no use whatever in such case, and even Genius commonly fails—but not always. *David Digges, Esq.*, who inhabits the best house in *Mudboro'*, and patronises Mr Toby Large pretty freely in the matter of *Kinahan's* whisky, which he prefers after dinner to what he calls 'your wishy-washy drinks,' such as claret, owes all his wealth to a mine, or rather to the ingenuity with which he worked it. Mr Digges's hands are horny, which he is not ashamed to own comes from hard labour with the pick and spade. A very few years ago he was a common miner in *Wheal Something-or-other* down in Cornwall. Hopes were entertained of it by the proprietary, but it had given small indications as yet of being a *Wheel of Fortune* to anybody. A small vein of tin had been discovered and exhausted, and subsequent reencourages had not as yet hit upon a second. Every encouragement, however, was given to the workmen, who were promised a large percentage on the ore when found. The manager, who lived in the neighbouring town, had given orders that he should be communicated with whenever the vein should be struck, and all was expectancy and excavation. In the meantime, however, the L10 shares fell down to eighteenpence, and the financial prospects of the concern were the subject of commercial ribaldry. *David Digges*, who, without being a money-maker in a bad

sense, was a diligent, hard-working fellow, and had laid by a few pounds, was down in the mine one morning early with two of his companions, when the long-looked-for discovery was made. A stroke of the pick-axe laid bare to their delighted eyes a seam of tin, which, for all they knew, might reach westward to the Bristol Channel, and downward to the antipodes. You may imagine how each man rested on his weapon for a moment, and looked at his fellows—

Like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken,
Or like stout Cortes when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent—upon a peak in Darien.

'One on us,' observed David Digges, 'ought to go and tell the manager.'

'That's true,' remarked the others, but without moving, for they knew they would lose time, and the percentage on what they excavated by so doing.

'I'll go myself,' said Digges, 'if nobody else will.'

And his friends praised his virtuous resolution, and set him down for a fool. Both parties were wise after their fashion, David had Genius, and the others only Application. He walked away into the town, but did not go directly to the manager—not liking, perhaps, to disturb that gentleman at so early an hour. He went to the telegraph-office instead, and sent word by it to a man on whom he could depend in London to purchase all the shares in the mine that could be got under a certain very low figure. After transacting this little bit of business, he delighted the manager with the news of what had happened, and then returned to his two friends. They looked at him rather pityingly, for they had made at least a sovereign apiece during his somewhat prolonged absence. Mr David Digges, however, had made, as it subsequently turned out, £12,500 by that morning's work.

I had the pleasure of hearing the above incident from Mr Digges's own lips, for he is never so pleased as when he is talking about his own good-fortune. He leads, or rather forces the conversation on to Mines whenever he can; and a very curious instance of it occurred only yesterday at my own dinner-table. Dr Sophtly, who is as anxious to talk about his subject as Digges is about mines, was detailing to us as usual some medical experience of his own, wherein the rank of his patient and his professional skill were dwelt upon with equal unction. 'Her ladyship died yesterday, sir, in spite of all my efforts, and I may say that I left nothing untried that is sanctioned by science. I gave her gold as a last resource; she took hundreds of grains of gold, upon my sacred word of honour. It lies in her still, poor thing, for gold is absorbed and carried into the tissues.'

'Do you mean to say, doctor,' inquired Digges, excitedly, 'that her ladyship has gold in her now?'

'Most certainly I do,' returned Dr Sophtly.

'Then let us form a company at once and work her,' exclaimed Mr David Digges with rapture: 'Come, who's for shares?'

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

TWELVE years ago, in an article entitled 'Time,' we speculated on the enlarged chronology required for humanity upon earth, in consequence of modern discoveries, and spoke of two hundred centuries as not too much to allow for it. The ideas of the learned upon this subject were then comparatively vague; they have since acquired some consistence, and now it seems likely that twenty thousand years will ere long be regarded as rather a moderate time to assign to the past existence of the human family. Not that the late researches of geology point definitely to any number of years; but the facts argue generally so

vast a tract of time, that two hundred centuries would appear little in comparison.

Sir Charles Lyell, who is both an accomplished geologist and a philosophical writer, has deemed the present a fit crisis to summarise the discoveries on this subject, with the view of arriving, if possible, at some conclusion, more or less approximate to the truth. He has executed his task, in our opinion, in a very creditable manner, though obviously leaving it open to much subsequent revision, as might indeed have been expected, from what we previously knew of the state of the facts.*

The remains of man are, after all, found only in the latest and most superficial formation. The long procession of animal life had gone through the Paleozoic Rocks, the Secondary or Mesozoic, and the Tertiary—first invertebrates, then fishes, next reptiles, with traces of birds, finally mammals—and still no appearance of the Master Animal had been presented. Over all, however, lie the beds of clay, silt, sand, and gravel, constituting the Pleistocene or Drift, and surfaced by moss and vegetable soil. This, also, is a formation of many strata—strata so varied as to shew frequent changes of condition, and thereby indicating a vast space of time. It is here that we find the natural hieroglyphics which tell us of early man. From them it appears that the present general arrangements of land and water had not, as was once assumed, been formed when the featherless biped first began to walk the surface. He was at first associated with mammals, which no longer dwell in our region of the globe. Large areas now grow totally different kinds of timber from what first saluted his eyes with the glory of leaf and flower. So that, though we cannot say he has existed for a certain number of years, we may be well assured he has lived a very long time, much longer than our fathers, in their wildest dreams, imagined.

Sir Charles, on the whole, sustains the vague but sublime chronology of Man first instituted by the Danish antiquaries—that is to say, primitive man made utensils and weapons out of the flint, stone, and bone; he next moulded articles of bronze; afterwards he attained to the use of iron. To these epochs, as is well known, the names of Stone, Bronze, and Iron Age are applied. Now man, all through the three thousand years of written history, has had iron. It follows that the Bronze Age in the main was antecedent to three thousand years ago. How long it lasted, or how long before three thousand years ago the Stone Age terminated, is a question the solution of which can only be obtained approximately by antiquarian research. We find, for example, that it was once customary in Switzerland to have dwellings of wood raised upon piles within the margin of the lakes: their remains have lately been explored, and some were found to be associated with bronze, some with stone articles. In one instance, a gradual deposition of alluvium has placed the remains of the lake-dwelling so far inland, that, taking modern accumulations as a measure, it must be three thousand three hundred years since the Bronze Age people lived in that lake-dwelling. In another instance, where the relics indicated the Stone period, a similar rule of measurement indicated a lapse of nearly seven thousand years. In Denmark, similar inferences are formed from certain ancient refuse-heaps found all round the coast. Here, bones of many animals are found, mingled with shells of oysters much larger than those now living in the Baltic, and stone implements, but none of bronze. Now, from the size of the oysters, it becomes evident that the Baltic was not formerly, as now, a brackish sea. It consequently appears that there has been a change of relative level of sea and land since the existence of the people of whom these refuse-heaps are memorials.

* 8vo. Murray, London. 1863.

A large department of the evidence is furnished by the numerous bone-caves found in the limestone-beds throughout England, France, and Germany. The number of such recesses, containing bones of man mingled with those of extinct animals, throughout Europe is surprisingly great. The only feasible way of accounting for them is to suppose that the bones were carried in by water—floating relics of the animated beings which inhabited the adjacent country, and indebted for their preservation to the protection of the caverns, while all similar relics scattered over the upper surface decayed under the atmospheric influences. But if such a view is to be admitted, we have it clearly placed before us, that the surface has undergone great geologic changes since the deposition took place, as no running or other waters now reach these caverns; consequently, the existence of man preceded these geologic changes.

Sir Charles examines with care, and sets forth very clearly, the stratigraphy of a number of places where traces of Man have been found in the Drift. As our readers must be generally aware, it is only about four years since English geologists first admitted that the Drift, or Superficial Formation, contained any relics of man at all. Now, they acknowledge this fact, not merely in regard to the French locality long ago insisted upon by M. Boucher des Perthes, but also in regard to sundry places in our own island. The general results are very striking. When we examine the surface-beds on the coast of Norfolk, we find that subsequently to a time when a forest grew upon the original chalk surface, giving shelter to a primitive elephant (*Elephas meridionalis*), to a primitive rhinoceros (*R. Etruscus*), and other extinct mammals, there had been a deep submergence of the land, and a glacial sea deposited a deep bed of compact clay mingled with boulders borne from great distances to the northward. After this, there were other deposits, including one in which the sand-beds are curiously contorted—supposed to have been an effect of stranded masses of ice. An emergence followed, giving occasion and time for denudations or cuttings in the above deposits; for example, the valley of the Thames was now scooped out, leaving relics of the former surface on the top of Muswell Hill and certain similar eminences in Essex. *At this point, Man comes in.* He occupies those valleys in company with a number of mammalian animals, all of them since changed (*Elephas primigenius*, *Rhinoceros tichorhinus*, *Equus fossilis*, *Cervus tarandus*, *Felis spelæa*, *Hyena spelæa*, &c.); but a new submergence takes place, covering the ground he had occupied with fresh deposits of gravel, sand, marl—burying beneath and amongst these the only relics of humanity which perhaps were capable of preservation; namely, the rude implements of flint which primitive man fashions for fishing, the chase, and war. It is to us an impressive idea, that our early ancestors were doomed to witness and to suffer from extensive sinkings of the land into the sea. But this is not all. After the epoch just described, glacial conditions were resumed, on a condition more limited than before, but greatly exceeding what we now witness and experience. Sir Charles laboriously makes this out from considerations regarding the Parallel Roads of Glenroy; but he might have made sure of it with less trouble by adverting to a Coarse Gravel, composed of the detritus of subærial glaciers which overlies in Scotland the brick clay which corresponds with the deposits in England containing the remains of the extinct mammals last enumerated.* The partial diffusion of this stuff (for it is but partial) must have been owing to the drifting away of masses of the glaciers from the extremities of their respective valleys, as is seen to be the case on the coast of

Greenland at the present day. In Scotland, every suitable Alpine system exhibits, at its outlets into the surrounding low country, prodigious masses of gravel, superficially sorted and stratified, but composed at bottom of pure moraine matter. Every one who has examined the gravels round the places where the Spey and Findhorn and the Tay debouch from the hills, or seen the gravelly masses at Carstairs, in the valley of the Clyde, and Melrose and Lessudden, in that of the Tweed, must have some conception of what we mean. But even these comparatively recent events were followed by others marking further lapses of time, for the moraine accumulations have all been subjected to strong watery action, and in many instances exhibit those terraces which mark pauses in the subsequent emergence. An example of the latter fact, complicated curiously with a memorial of earlier events, is presented at the mouth of Glen Jorsa, in the island of Arran. The moraine produced by the ancient glacier of the valley is there thrown over the terrace of erosion, twenty-five feet above present sea-level, which is traced not only round that island, but all the neighbouring coasts. It is also superficially marked with terraces of its own to a considerable height. The terrace of erosion of the Scottish coasts consequently belongs to a system of things or events antecedent to the period of the subærial glaciers of the same country.

The history of our species is thus, it will be perceived, put into a most interesting connection with geological events, and shewn to be of vast though undefinable extent. Rather unexpectedly, while the mammalian associates of early Man have all been changed, the marine and fresh-water testacea remain the same.

THE LOST BROTHER.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

THERE are no worse managers of love-affairs than cautious men, particularly when they have to deal with characters opposite to their own. That very generalship which was to make Englebert's conquest complete, roused the jealousy of Madame Falkenstein's Italian nature, and made her set a keen but silent watch on all his proceedings. Madame had a maid named Constanza. Like her mistress, she had been born beside the lagoons, and was a true Venetian. Her age was the same, but she had not worn so well, perhaps because nature had not been so liberal to her, for Constanza never could have been pretty. A rough and now wrinkled skin, a wide mouth, with thin lips, a pair of fierce black eyes, with a most decided squint, and a nose long and sharp as the beak of the old Roman eagle, did not form an agreeable contour; but Constanza was an Italian woman, and could therefore look out for lovers, lay snares, coquette, and, if need were, intrigue as keenly as the brightest beauty in the land. She was the daughter of madame's nurse; had been brought up with her in the family palace hard by the church of St Mark; came with her from Venice, and served her faithfully through her marriages and travels; had her entire confidence, and was believed to know the secret of the trunk, though nobody had been bold enough to tempt her fidelity by either bribe or question. To this confidante of many years, the countess imparted her suspicions. Did this mere artist dare to trifle with her? Was his allegiance growing cold? Had his eye found another star? Constanza would take notes, and observe his comings and goings.

Ill betide the power which has made mischief between maid and mistress, and ladies of every degree, since men began to be faithless! Constanza did take notes at first dutifully for the countess, but by and by it was for herself. Among his other abilities for getting through this world with credit,

* Papers by David Milne Home, Robert Chambers, and Professor Fleming.

Englebert was blessed with a quick eye; it made him aware that the black erratic orbs of the waiting-woman followed all his movements, and he naturally concluded that her heart had fallen before the attractions which her mistress had found so irresistible. The conquest was not one to boast of, but Constanza knew all that concerned the countess, and he had learned from wicked wits, perhaps from experience, that seldom does woman's faith or friendship hold out against delicate attentions. Accordingly, the delicate attentions were paid, sparingly indeed, and altogether on the sly, for the Falkenstein estates were not to be lightly risked. There was a glance for Constanza when madame chanced to be looking another way, a hasty compliment when they met on the stairs, and a pair of gilt ear-rings judiciously presented when the countess was from home. The old bird was caught with the chaff, as, in spite of the proverb, old birds are apt to be. Constanza was vain enough to imagine that she had snared her mistress's lover. There was the charm of his superior rank, the carrying on of a secret intrigue, which is the life and soul of a true Venetian, and she applied her mind to it in good earnest. The German Englebert had not calculated, however, on the combustible materials with which he had undertaken to play. Regarding herself as the real, though secret idol of his affections, the ancient waiting-woman learned in time to consider her mistress a usurping rival, and resented the daily service performed at her shrine with a mixture of jealousy and impertinence not to be met with except among the confidential maids of Italy. How far the countess saw into the matter was never known. Though a Venetian, she was a woman of the world, had self-command, and great cause, as was eventually proved, to bear with Constanza.

One of the most magnificent apartments in all Vienna was the dressing-room which Madame Falkenstein had fitted up for herself in her own town-house. All the age could boast of interior decoration was there—rich cabinets, choice paintings, mirrors framed in porcelain and silver, hangings in which were woven pictures from the classic poets, and a toilet apparatus of crystal and gold, by which Cleopatra of Egypt might have dressed. Englebert's artistic eye and love of splendour had often rejoiced in that room, and at times when the thought crossed him, a stealthy look had been cast behind the rich curtains for that mysterious trunk. It was nowhere to be seen; perhaps had no existence except in Vienna gossip; but there was a large closet, opening beside the dressing-table, dimly lighted, and looking blank and bare. He had never been within, but had caught glimpses of a large crucifix, and a massive object covered with black, which he took to be an altar, and presumed it was madame's private chapel. Opposite that closet-door, Englebert was seated one forenoon, when everybody was preparing for the carnival. The countess sat at her toilet, conversing about masks and costumes, while Constanza braided her long hair, in the strictly classic fashion which was then the rage in Paris.

'Should I ever attempt to paint Venus at her toilet, she will have such hair,' said the artist; and the compliment was but the utterance of his thoughts, for the locks of Beauty's queen could not have been more abundant, soft, and shining.

'It's growing gray,' cried Constanza, with the very triumph of malice in her look and tone, holding up between her fingers two hairs which she had just discovered, and the ends of which were undoubtedly white.

Whatever the countess might have tolerated, this went beyond her patience. There was a momentary flash like summer-lightning in her eyes, and then she said in a calm and haughty tone: 'Go, Constanza, and send Magdaline here: she shall dress my hair in future.'

If ever there was wrath too deep for utterance, it

appeared in the waiting-maid's look as she left the room with a threatening gesture towards the closet-door, which Madame Falkenstein did not see, but it chilled Englebert's blood. What did she mean? His glances, compliments, ear-rings, had extracted nothing but those displays of awkward jealousy which had amused him till now, when he felt convinced it was no longer safe to pay attentions to Constanza.

'Those people are so ready to forget themselves,' said the countess, speaking as if nothing had happened to discompose her. 'Constanza has been a useful waiting-woman, but something seems to disturb her mind of late; sometimes I fear the poor woman's senses are leaving her. What is your opinion, Herr Emsgraff?'

Englebert's caution never left him. He assured the countess that he had scarcely observed her maid, and could therefore give no opinion on the subject; on which Madame Falkenstein resorted to her former conversation. Magdaline, her second maid, proceeded with the braiding; and the painter went home, determined to make a bold stroke, and declare himself on his very next visit, before Constanza had time to ruin his prospects. His resolution was carried into effect on the following day when *l'été-à-l'été* with the countess in her boudoir. Lovers were required to talk of flames and threaten suicide in those days. Englebert went very respectfully through the whole ritual of despair, and his destiny was propitious. Softened, perhaps, by the sight of her first gray hairs, Madame Falkenstein listened as favourably as could be expected from a well-dowered and much-courted widow. She declared her intention of founding a convent, and retiring into it from the sins and follies of the world, spoke with a sigh of her fading youth and her solitary condition, hinted that she was not quite insensible to the merits of Herr Emsgraff; in short, she gave him leave to hope with a sentimental propriety that would have rejoiced the heart of Madame de Genlis. Thus encouraged, the painter pressed his suit day after day with becoming fervour; his mind was, moreover, relieved by the decided reformation wrought on Constanza. Her sin against madame's dignity was too great to be easily forgiven, and she had been kept at needle-work in a back-room, by way of penance, while the less presuming Magdaline officiated in her stead. How the confidential maid retrieved her position, was not for a gentleman to know exactly, but never was waiting-woman more improved by a short sequestration; the airs of rivalry were gone, her demeanour to her mistress was edifyingly humble, her eye never so much as wandered in Englebert's direction, and the prudent suitor took care to be perfectly unconscious of her existence.

Some time before that carnival, the Princess Lieven had come to carry on fashionable life and Russian diplomacy in the Austrian capital, as she did in many a capital beside, and the city could talk of nothing but the grand *bal masqué* given at her mansion on the evening of the popular festival. The court were to be present, and the principal rooms were therefore kept select, but everybody who came in costume had free admittance to the outer apartments; and as complete disguise was the order of the day, there was great anticipation, and a deal of subsequent gossip. Madame Falkenstein was one of the invited guests. She contrived to obtain a card for Herr Emsgraff also, but made it a point to conceal her intended character and costume from the painter, who, of course, declared that he would recognise her under any disguise. His own appearance was to be made as a crusader; he had provided himself with knightly armour, and studied the part under madame's direction. Her good taste and general information qualified the lady to give counsel in such matters, but Englebert had another device on which she was not consulted. To see the by-play, and give himself every advantage, he determined to make his first essay in

the costume of a charcoal-burner from his native forests, and accordingly, accoutred with canvas coat, wooden shoes, and cap of wild-cat's skin, he repaired to the scene of festivity. A blaze of lights, a dead-lock of carriages, and a crowd as if all Austria had come there to see, were the outward signs of the diplomatic princess being at home. The throng of maskers was scarcely less dense within. Englebert danced with nuns, cracked carnival jokes with Italian bandits, admired fine eyes which shone through vizards, and at length began to think it was time to assume his superior character and look after the countess.

He lingered a moment in one of the outer rooms, looking on the motley crowd from the curtained recess of a window, and thinking of carnivals long ago when he and Ulrich were at college. Suddenly there was a hard hand laid on his shoulder, and a shrill voice said in his ear: 'You are going to marry Madame Falkenstein—come with me, and I will shew you what she keeps in her closet.'

Englebert turned and saw a begging-friar well got up, only that he looked lazier and dirtier than most of his order, and now glided on before him as if to lead the way. The painter followed; he knew the voice to be that of the reformed Constanza; her gesture at the closet-door crossed his memory, but on he went, being a man of curiosity and courage; such an opportunity might not come again. It was carnival-time, and all the city were abroad. His guide conducted him through streets and lanes he scarcely knew, except that they led towards the old castle, and at the end of a dark alley, unlocked a door in a high wall, and they entered a wild neglected garden, overgrown with long grass and old trees, through which the wind moaned as if it had been a churchyard. A door at the end of this garden opened on a narrow stair lighted by a loophole in the wall, by which the rising moon shone in; it led directly into what seemed a great cupboard, but on emerging, Englebert found it was one of the richly inlaid wardrobes he had so often admired in Madame Falkenstein's magnificent dressing-room.

'I know you don't love me,' cried Constanza, flinging off her mask; 'but look at this; for all her fine reputation, it has been with her these last twenty years, and I never knew her to forget the keys before. Come in, and bring that lamp with you,' she continued, as the closet lock clicked under her hand.

Englebert obeyed. There stood the crucifix, and the massive black object of which he had caught glimpses. It was no altar, but an immense trunk, long, old-fashioned, and bound with iron. Constanza darted to it, thrust in the key, and strained with all her might; the lock yielded slowly with a grating sound of rust and disuse. She threw up the lid, and a fear seemed to come over her. There was a strange odour of strong and heavy perfumes, something covered with three linen sheets.

'Lift them, and look for yourself,' she cried. Englebert did so; and there, in the very dress he wore on the evening of his disappearance, twenty years before, covered with what seemed withered leaves and flowers, and with the dry, fleshless look of a mummy, lay the corpse of the long-lost Ulrich! Englebert was not a man of delicate nerves, but the horror of the discovery overcame him; he staggered back, faint and sick, and leaned against the wall.

'She murdered him,' said Constanza in a shrill whisper: 'he was a student, and used to come here in the evenings the very way I brought you. The old Count Scorza, her first husband, was dying then; his great-grandfather used to deal with the Jews, when they were forbidden in Austria, and made that stair for the business. I never knew this man's name; but he would go home and marry some girl he was promised to, in spite of all she could say; and when he came to see her for the last time, she would have

him stay to supper; but he never rose from the table. There were strong poisons made in our Venice; I know what went into the sauce that night, which neither I nor my mistress tasted. She had sworn she would never part with him; and before midnight, old Barbetta, who used to live behind St Mary's Church, and do jobs of the kind for the Capuchins, was at work embalming the body. We laid it in here when he had finished. It is a family trunk, you see, and came from Venice with my mistress's wedding-clothes in it; but they used to keep the books of the Council of Ten there; three of her grand uncles were clerks to it, and made out most of the secret warrants for executions. There it has lain ever since. The trunk went with us wherever we went. I have heard people wondering at it, but my mistress never lost sight of it for four-and-twenty hours together till this day. The old Count Scorza died; she was a mourning widow for two or three years; then my lord of Falkenstein turned up, and never guessed what sort of a trunk his lady had at home and abroad. He is gone this many a year; and now she says she will put the thing away, for her heart has found a purer affection. Haven't I done you a charity? though I helped in it all, and would have done anything for my mistress then; she had not crossed me: but now you may tell the police, if you like; I want nothing but revenge.'

There was an officer of the secret police waiting for Madame Falkenstein's return from the *bal masqué*, where she had excited universal admiration by the splendour of her costume and the elegance of her performance as the Sultana Zobide. An hour after her arrival, a carriage guarded by gens d'armes left the old Count Scorza's town-house; it contained his charming countess, but not her confidential maid; while Herr Emsgraff was communicating with the police, she had locked up everything, taken the keys with her, and disappeared so completely, that neither search, inquiry, nor the offer of large rewards could obtain the slightest clue to her hiding-place. Madame Falkenstein's trial was strictly private; it involved three noble families, and when was rank unconsidered in Austria? As Constanza could not be found, there was no evidence against her but that of her own trunk. She attempted no defence; but she had been always a liberal patroness of the church, and the Archbishop of Vienna, together with sundry Italian cardinals, interested themselves so warmly in her favour, that she was allowed to retire to a Benedictine convent in Venice, which one of her ancestors had founded; and it is said that a more reluctant nun never took the veil. Her Falkenstein estates were forfeited to the crown, and like the rest of the county changed hands between France and Austria as the fortunes of that long war went. Her maid was never heard of, even by the police; but attached to one of the Italian regiments which marched with the French army on its Russian campaign, there was a *vivandière* so old, withered, and notable for a fierce temper and a bunch of rusty keys hanging from her leathern belt, that the French soldiers called her St Peter's grandmother.

As for the fortunate painter, concerning whom all Vienna had wondered and talked, he assisted at a funeral-ceremony, performed by torchlight, in the crypt of the Rosenburgh chapel. There were but two other mourners—the once pretty Gertrude, now a woman of middle age, and the decrepit baroness, saying she was satisfied with Englebert, for he had brought back Ulrich at last. The events of that carnival-night had given him enough of fashionable life and high match-making. He retired to the old family castle, in due time laid the baroness in the crypt beside her eldest son, lived under Gertrude's management, went about his lands like a man whose days were crossed, and died when the Congress was sitting in Vienna, leaving among the peasantry a dark and doubtful

reputation, for the honest people still believe that he had some hand in the disappearance of his lost brother.

THE QUEEN AND THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER.

In a recent article we shewed how numerous and interesting are the points of contact between the heir to the throne and the Duchy of Cornwall. Fully as important in most respects, and still more so in others, is the relationship borne by the sovereign to the Duchy of Lancaster. Our readers may remember, that when the Queen sent a large contribution to the Lancashire Fund several months ago, she did it expressly in her capacity as 'Duchess of Lancaster,' to identify herself more completely with that county, its inhabitants, and their distresses. She is, then, Duchess of Lancaster; and there is a cabinet minister called the Chancellor of that duchy; and Lancaster is a county *palatine*, which evidently means something; and there is a 'Liberty of the Duchy of Lancaster' in London, associated in some way with the Savoy precincts. Readers really need not be ashamed of confessing their ignorance of this matter, for the information relating to it lies a good deal scattered. The following is, in brief, the history of the thing:

There was a family of the De Lancasters very soon after the Conquest; but the establishment of a place in the peerage for that county dates about six centuries ago, when Henry III. gave the title of Earl of Lancaster to his second son, Edmund Plantagenet. Edmund was succeeded in the earldom by his son, Thomas Plantagenet. This Thomas fell into trouble during a stormy period; he lost his title in 1321, and then lost his head. Soon after this, Robert Bruce, king of Scots, crossed the border, passed through Westmoreland into Lancashire, and sadly devastated Lancaster. Its material prosperity recovered by very slow degrees; but the earldom was not long in abeyance, for in 1327, Henry Plantagenet, brother to the luckless Thomas, received the forfeited title. He was succeeded by another Henry, who after a time was raised from the rank of Earl to that of Duke of Lancaster in the year 1351. Now we are coming to the royal part of the affair. The great John of Gaunt, third son of Edward III., had three wives, one of whom was the heiress to the Lancaster estates. In the year of his marriage (1359) with this heiress, the Lady Blanche, the 'Court of the Duchy Chamber of Lancaster' was established; and in 1361, on the death of the lady's father, her husband became Duke of Lancaster. He enlarged the castle, built the grand gateway tower, succoured and improved the town, and lived there in great state, almost as a sovereign. John's son, Henry of Bolingbroke, inherited the duchy and all its privileges after him; and while Duke of Lancaster, he managed that rebellion which led to the deposition of Richard II., the duke himself becoming Henry IV. in 1399. Speaking in general terms, it may be said that from that day to this the Duchy of Lancaster has belonged to the sovereign; for, though the Wars of the Roses shook the tenure not a little, yet it maintained itself all throughout, and has never been disturbed by any of the subsequent troubles. All our kings, from Henry IV. to William IV., were Dukes of Lancaster; and all our Queens Regnant, from Mary to Victoria, duchesses of the same. So far as the mere name duke goes, it implies no particular sovereign privileges: all we have yet shewn is, that the Queen is the Duchess.

But now comes the next stage. Lancaster is a county *palatine*, an honour (be its value what it may) which is shared by only two other among the English counties. It appears that 'Count Palatine'

was once a feudal title. Very early in the history of France, before the time of Charlemagne, there was a high courtly officer called the 'Comes Palatii,' or 'Count of the Palace;' a kind of major-domo, lord chamberlain, or master of the royal household. Or rather his functions had more of a judicial character, seeing that he was the presiding judge in all causes that came to the king's immediate audience. At a later date, a power similar to this was awarded to other persons in other places; that is, a feudal lord was invested, on his own territorial possessions, with a judicial power similar to that which the Comes Palatii had exercised in the palace. The *Palatinate* of Germany was in all probability established in this way. When Germany was under an emperor, some of the minor states were held by vassal-princes or dukes, whose privileges were given to them in their capacity as feudatories. There was a Count Palatine, lord of the County Palatine, more than eight hundred years ago; and there were two districts known as the Upper and Lower Palatinate—the one now included in Bavaria, and the other in Baden and some of the neighbouring states. There are three counties palatine in England—Lancaster, Chester, and Durham. The Duke of Lancaster and the Earl of Chester are both called Counts Palatine, in heraldic language. At one time, Pembroke was a county palatine, but its palatinate was taken away by Henry VIII. The Archbishop of York had palatinate powers in one part of Northumberland, but they were declared void in the time of Elizabeth. Durham, as a county palatine, was down to so late a date as 1836 attached to the bishopric, the bishop having the lofty title of 'Prince Palatine;' but by an act of parliament passed in that year, the palatinate jurisdiction was transferred to the crown. Taking the Dukes of Lancaster and the Earls of Chester as exemplars of counts palatine, we find that they had high judicial rank in those respective counties in past days. They had their Chanceries and Courts of Common Pleas; they appointed their magistrates and law-officers; they had the power of pardoning treasons, murders, and felonies; all writs and judicial proceedings were issued and carried on in their names; and the king's writ was of no force within the counties palatine. Such great powers were held several centuries back; they were curtailed by degrees. All our palatinates but three are gone, and these three are held by royalty. The Queen is Duchess of Lancaster and Princess Palatine of Durham, while the Prince of Wales is Earl of Chester. The earldom, with the palatinate privileges, was held by subjects from the time of William the Conqueror to that of Henry VIII.; in the last-named reign they were transferred to the crown. The sovereign is Earl (or Countess) of Chester when there is no Prince of Wales. As to Lancaster, it was made a county palatine by Edward III., and for many generations there was a complexity between the privileges of the duchy and the county palatine; but these were afterwards reconciled. Such, then, is the meaning of the Queen being Countess Palatine as well as Duchess of Lancaster.

The love of hereditary rank, power, or dignity is pretty strongly implanted in most of us—even though we sometimes persuade ourselves that such matters are becoming obsolete; and there is a curious example of this tendency in connection with the great feudal or royal fief of Lancaster. An expensive folio volume was printed in 1855, solely with the purpose of shewing that a certain inhabitant of Newcastle-on-Tyne is lineally descended from John of Gaunt, 'Duke of Lancaster, King of Castile, &c.' There is a portrait of the gentleman himself—an average, well-to-do, intelligent Englishman, but in no special way suggesting any analogy with the great duke who was the son of a king, the uncle of a king, the son-in-law of a king, and the father of a king,

although never a king himself. The volume was prepared at the expense of this gentleman's son, a bookseller in another busy town of the north. No other object seems to have been held in view. The Northumbrian does not claim the Duchy of Lancaster from Queen Victoria, or any of the palatinate powers; he claims no royalties, duties, fees, rents, powers, privileges, or any other worldly advantages; he simply wants to shew that his grandfather's grandmother's great-great-grandmother's father (or something of the kind) was one of the sons of John of Gaunt. The argument proceeds thus: John of Gaunt, born in 1340, became Duke of Lancaster, Earl of Richmond, Earl of Derby, Earl of Lincoln, Earl of Leicester, Steward of England, and (by marrying Constance, daughter of Peter the Cruel) heir to the thrones of Castile and Leon. This tremendous man, master of so many titles, married three wives. The first became mother of Henry IV., through which channel our Queen inherits the Duchy of Lancaster; the second was the Spanish princess, with whom we have no more concern here; the third was the mother of a boy who became Marquis of Dorset, through whom the Northumbrian gentleman traces his lineage. Therefore, while one of John of Gaunt's sons took all the plums from the pudding, another (a step-brother of the lucky one) could only transmit a narrow stream of the ducal blood to posterity. Then on we go. The Marquis of Dorset had a son, the Earl of Somerset; and the earl had six children, of whom one had nine children; and of these nine, one daughter married the Duke of Ormond; her daughter married the Earl of Northumberland; and of their five children, one (about three hundred years ago) married a Miss Harbottle. Here, for the first time, the blood of a commoner seems to have mingled with the blood of the Lancasters; and it is through this commoner that our Northumbrian traces his lineage. We then come to all sorts of commoners' names, and to Quakers, and to druggists, booksellers, and other traders—everybody seeming to have an amazing number of children; until at last we arrive at the individual for whom the claim is put forward. As to the claim itself, it is very comforting to know that Queen Victoria is not likely to be dethroned by it, or deprived of the title of Duchess of Lancaster. The curiosity of the book is—not the assertion that a plain man of this age is descended from a man who was mighty six hundred years ago (for such instances must obviously be numerous enough, when the mighty man had a large number of children who lived to have families of their own)—but the fact that the author is able to shew the various links of the chain.

The Queen possesses whatever is now left of the palatinate powers of the duchy, and whatever is left of the landed and other revenues derivable therefrom. The office of the Duchy of Lancaster, in Lancaster Place (near Waterloo Bridge) is a small affair in a business point of view; but the officials are numerous enough. There are a Chancellor and Vice-chancellor, a Council of Noble and Right Honourable personages, an Attorney and Solicitor General, an Auditor and a Coroner, Queen's Serjeant and Queen's Counsel, Record Clerk and Solicitor, and the Sheriffs of Lancashire—all to assist her Majesty in managing the affairs of the duchy.

As to the cash-account, the revenue which the Queen receives from the duchy, there is a return submitted to parliament, in virtue of a rule laid down shortly after the present reign commenced. A medley of items it certainly is. First, there are 'Rents and profits of courts accrued to her Majesty,' amounting to about £26,000 per annum. Then there are 'Royalties and reservations of dues'—'Rents of mines and quarries'—'Fines on the renewal of leases'—'Sales of timber'—'Produce of escheats and forfeitures'—and 'Annuity received from the Consolidated Fund,

under the acts for the purchase and surrender of the duties of prisage and butlerage within the county palatine.' These and a few other items make up a sum-total of about £50,000 a year. Then, on the other side of the account, a sum of money is made over annually for her Majesty's use, under the care of the Keeper of her Majesty's Privy Purse; another sum is appropriated to paying the salaries, allowances, and pensions of the officers of the duchy and their clerks, the justices of assize and the law-officers of the county palatine, the receivers and agents of revenue, the stewards and bailiffs of honours and manors, and other persons; another sum is absorbed for surveys, valuations, plans, repairs, improvements, donations, charities, rates and taxes, travelling expenses, audit expenses, and miscellaneous disbursements of a multifarious nature. One item, not very large in amount, has rather a Robin Hood-like tone about it; it refers to the expenses of 'the axebearer and master of the game in Needwood Forest, in watching, feeding, and preserving the game, and transmitting it to her Majesty's larder.' Besides this revenue account, there is also a capital account, of which the receipts are mainly made up of sums of money for grants in fee, grants of rents, and copyhold enfranchisements; while the disbursements appear in the form of permanent improvements to the estates of the duchy—such as the drainage of land, and the erection of farm-buildings.

Some of the minor items in the above-noticed account admit us into another secret concerning this remarkable duchy. In two or three recent years, there have been payments for 'Repairing damage occasioned by the fire at the Savoy Chapel on 16th September 1860'—'Repairing and fitting-up the Savoy Chapel'—and 'Alteration of the seats in the Savoy Chapel.' What can this mean? It appears, by looking into this matter a little closely, that the Savoy has had quite a history, in connection with the duchy. More than six hundred years ago, the Earl of Richmond and Savoy built a palace on the south side of the Strand, between what are now Waterloo Bridge and the Adelphi. This, which he called Savoy Palace, he afterwards gave to a fraternity of monks. The fraternity sold it to Elinor, queen of Henry III., as a residence for her second son, the Earl of Lancaster. The first Duke of Lancaster rebuilt the palace; and King John of France was kept a prisoner here after the battle of Poitiers in 1356. John of Gaunt came into possession of this, as well as of the other estates of the House of Lancaster. The notable Wat Tyler destroyed Savoy Palace in 1381. The site remained neglected till 1505, when Henry VII. rebuilt so much of the structure as would fit it as a hospital for a hundred poor and sick persons. Charles II. established a French chapel here. Towards the close of the same century, the precincts of the Savoy appear to have become a harbour for desperate characters; for, in a number of the *Postman* for July 1696, the following incident is related: 'On Tuesday, a person going into the Savoy to demand a debt due from a person who had taken sanctuary there, the inhabitants seized him, and after some consultation agreed, according to their usual custom, to dip him in tar and roll him in feathers; after which they carried him in a wheelbarrow into the Strand, and bound him first to the Maypole [a centre for May-day gambols, in the Strand of those days]; but several constables and others coming in, dispersed the rabble, and rescued the person from their abuse.' Strype, writing in 1720, describes the Savoy as containing a parish church, a French church, a Dutch church, a Lutheran church, a Protestant Dissenters' church, a prison, a government printing-office, and a few relics of the old building inhabited by coopers, &c. To this present day, the Savoy is a medley. There are an Episcopal chapel, a Lutheran church, a Lutheran school, a series of wharfs, a plate-glass warehouse, a newspaper office,

and several traders and other trades—all on the site of the ancient palace and garden. The chapel, called St Mary le Savoy, is now a precinct or (so-called) parish church, and was the chapel belonging to the cluster of buildings erected by Henry VII. We suppose we are correct in assuming that much of this estate, if not all, still belongs to the Duchy of Lancaster. There is, within and around this spot, a district called the 'Liberty of the Duchy of Lancaster,' beginning within Temple Bar, and running as far as Cecil Street. Without going into these old-world matters, it may suffice to say, that a 'liberty' is a royal grant or privilege, awarded to some person or corporation as a favour, and exercised within a certain defined district. There was evidently such a liberty or franchise in and around the Savoy estate of the Dukes of Lancaster. The rascaldom mentioned by Strype arose out of a right of sanctuary within the Savoy.

DOGGED IN THE STREETS.

THE hour-hand of the office-clock was getting near four o'clock, and we all three left our desks and began to reach down our greatcoats and comforters from the pegs on which they hung. Only four o'clock—indeed it wanted two minutes to the hour—but it was very dark in the City, and but for the flaring gas, we could not have distinguished the white dial-plate and the black slender hands.

'George,' said Mr Jones, 'you are going my way, I suppose.'

Mr Jones was our senior partner (Jones, Ellis, and Ford, of Lombard Street), and George was Mr Ellis, next in standing in our firm. Mr Jones, a moneyed man, lived on Wimbledon Common, in a remarkably neat villa, and Ellis was his neighbour. They generally came and went by the same train, and I guessed that our chief was not sorry, on this foggy winter afternoon, to have the pleasure of Ellis's company through the darkling streets; for robberies, attended with violence, were very rare; and all the smart leading articles in the papers could not write them down.

George and his senior partner were going the same way, much to the latter's contentment, and they put on their outer wraps cheerily enough.

'Ford, you're a tremendous pedestrian, we all know, but you'll have a long trudge of it this foggy afternoon to Northumberland Villa, eh?' said the chief in his jocular way.

I laughed. Ellis and I have a habit of laughing when Mr Jones is inclined to be facetious. He is a kind man, as well as a warm one, and his dinners are first-rate. As I put on my Inverness cape, however, and wound my woollen shawl round my neck, the chief said more seriously: 'Don't walk, Ford, if you'll take my advice. Better have half-a-crown's worth of cab, than get your teeth knocked out, or your neck twisted, eh?'

'And in that confounded cape of yours, you haven't fair-play: couldn't use your arms, you know,' remarked Ellis, swinging his loaded stick rather boastfully. I made some joking rejoinder, took my umbrella from the stand, and we all sallied into the outer office, where the old cashier was locking his desk, and where the clerks were putting on their greatcoats and hats. An instant more, and we had parted.

'Take care how you go home, John: good people are scarce,' were the last words of my partner Ellis. We turned different ways; he, with the head of our firm, towards the railway terminus, and I in a westerly direction. Northumberland Villa, semi-detached, is in Park Village; and Mr Jones was not incorrect when he said that a long trudge lay before me. I did not, however, intend to walk the whole way; the afternoon was not a tempting one for out-

door exercise. As I jostled my way down Lombard Street, the greasy pavement was alive with clerks freshly set free; porters were putting up shutters and turning off gas, and every house of business was being abandoned to the care of the night-watchman. It was dark, raw, and very damp; the fog had turned to a drizzle of something between rain and thawed snow, which fell lazily through the murky air. The streets were full of liquid mud.

'Never mind,' said I, as I turned into the Poultry, much elbowed and pushed by brisker or more impatient pedestrians coming up in the rear—'never mind; I shall find a yellow Citizen or a green Hampstead 'bus directly, and so get a lift.'

But as luck would have it, all the omnibuses I saw with the horses' heads turned westward were full to overflowing, inside and out, with usually a candidate or two balancing upon the knife-board. It was an unpleasant day, dirty under foot, gloomy overhead, and all public vehicles filled very well and very fast. I hailed several cabs, but the drivers shook their heads forbiddingly at me, in token that their living cargo was complete, and I walked on.

Cheapside was very bright, bustling, and cheerful, and I felt a sense of encouragement as I went past its well-lighted shops and all their glow of gaudy wealth and glitter. But Newgate Street, with its mud blacker than ink, and more tenacious than treacle, and the swarthy shadow of its great dark prison frowning on the narrowed thoroughfare, was less agreeable, and my spirits sunk within me as I remembered the weary distance between home and myself. The omnibuses rolled on, full as herring-tubs, and inexorable as fate. I put up my umbrella, and picked my way along the slippery flagstones.

It was in Skinner Street that I first became conscious, no, conscious is too strong a word—it would be more accurate to say that I there first suspected that some one was following me. It would be difficult to explain the grounds on which I, a mere unit in a hurrying stream of human life, pouring steadily from the eastward, formed such a notion as this, and yet I did form it. Followed, certainly followed.

The person to whom my suspicions attached was a big man, tall and broad-shouldered, wearing a flat cap and a shaggy overcoat of some rough blue stuff, such as pilots and seamen wear, and of a cut that used, years ago, to be styled by the ugly name of wraprascal. He carried no umbrella, but had a red woollen comforter thickly rolled about his neck, and half hidden by his bushy beard and untrimmed whiskers. A rough customer, in every sense of the word.

This man, whose face I could not see, shaded as it was by the projecting peak of his slouched cap, had a roving, seafaring look and bearing; and but for his queer conduct as regarded myself, I should merely have set him down for a sailor fresh from foreign parts, and rather out of his reckoning in that quarter of London; but then he was following me!

I first became aware that this was the case by accidentally turning my head, when I saw him standing on the curbstone, and staring hard at me by the light of one of the street-lamps. Then, as I turned away, he strode swiftly after me, checked himself abruptly, and falling a step or two behind, adapted his pace to mine. I knew this to be a fact, because I first stepped out smartly, in hopes of distancing him, and next lingered and dawdled in front of shop-windows; but quite in vain; he kept a little behind me, do as I would.

I splashed from one side to the other of the long crossing at Farringdon Street, and pursued my course up Holborn Hill. The street-lamps loomed hazy and yellow through the dusk and driving sleet, and I had to struggle with my umbrella as the eddies of wind threatened to turn it inside out; but from time to time, under pretence of looking in at the window of some shop or other, I stole a glance at my follower.

Sure enough, there he was, steadily tracking me as a shark follows a slave-ship. I could distinguish his heavy footfall on the pavement amid all the other tramping feet that bustled by. There he was, muffled up, tall, stout, and patient as one that bides his time.

I pushed on along High Holborn, walking rapidly, but with a jauntily air of unconcern. More than half ashamed to feel myself acting a part before this man, this strangely pertinacious pursuer, I yet could not help assuming a careless indifference, and began to whistle, to shew how unconcerned I was. I lingered before the oyster-shops, as if quite fascinated by the tempting carnation of the lobsters, the pencilled red and white of the prawns, the succulent promise of the delicate natives reposing in the little green tubs of clear water. So companionable and tempting looked the stock in trade of these establishments, that I could hardly refrain from going in and settling to the task of oyster-swallowing, if I could but so shake off the spy at my heels. For he was at my heels always. If I stopped, he stopped; if I accelerated my pace, a few strides brought him into his old position. He kept near me, and steadily held me in view. Had I been a dashing gentleman of the old school, I should have set this human sleuth-hound down for a bailiff. I was nothing of the sort—I did not owe a sixpence. Yet I might be mistaken. Ugly as matters looked, he might not be dogging me; or, admitting the fact, he might mean no harm. Some vagrant fancy, some idle whim, so I reasoned with myself, on the part of a stranger to the metropolis, perhaps a foreigner, was possibly at the bottom of the whole affair. I hastened on.

Never too quick for him who followed, never too slow, I advanced westwards. He kept on behind me with a measured ringing tread that was plainly regulated by my own. Twice I stopped, faced about, and looked angrily back at my too solid shadow. But the big man, almost as much hidden by beard and comforter, as far as his hairy face was concerned, as if he had worn a mask, coolly waited my moving, and then moved on in unison. He would not take a hint, that was certain. Although not more timid, I hope, than my neighbours, I felt a cold chill creeping through my veins as I remembered the numerous outrages that London had lately seen. English Thugs prowled about our streets, as every fresh day's police report told but too well, and there was a hideous rage and mania for garrotting. The frightful sameness of the cases made each brutal street-attack appear twin-brother to its predecessor, but I, like most Londoners, knew how many acts of ruffianism never found their way into print at all. Acquaintances of my own had been throttled, bruised, trampled in the mud, and had picked themselves up with aching bones and rifled pockets, only too thankful if not disfigured for life. Good as the police might be, it could not be always on the spot where blows were struck and property taken.

A strong fellow, that one behind. His loosely hung, muscular limbs carried him over the ground with no apparent effort, even when I walked my speediest, and I could walk very swiftly on occasion, as most Londoners can. I glanced over my shoulder, and nervously compared my own strength with his. He had the advantage of me in all ways. A head and shoulders taller, as near as I could guess, he was also much heavier, and more bulky, and the bare brown hand that swung at his left side was that of one used to labour. The other hand was thrust into a side-pocket of his rough coat, grasping, for aught I knew, some weapon. He carried no stick, but there was ample room to conceal a bludgeon within the folds of his wrap, and I knew how little space was needed for the stowage of a life-preserver, or of those brass 'knuckle-dusters' which our villains have borrowed from those of America. He seemed to be alone, but that might be a mere feint. Ill-looking

fellows hung about the dark mouths of courts and alleys, and there were, as usual, plenty of evil-visaged, slouching forms in greasy fustian in front of the gin-shops.

For a long time, my course had lain in a straight line, but when I arrived at the yawning gulf of Gray's Inn Lane, I felt disposed to wheel off sharply to the right, and so get rid of my tormentor. But remembering into what labyrinths of ill name and lawless character I should have to plunge, I resisted the temptation, the rather that I felt sure that my pursuer was not easily to be baffled. On I went, towards Oxford Street. For the time being, I knew I was safe; no one would dare to molest me in the middle of that active throng that surrounded me; and I stopped to gaze at a display of toys, at some patent inventions, at a show of upholstery with a baby-jumper prominent in its midst, all to prove to my own wayward satisfaction that I was a free agent. Perhaps I began to grow a little ashamed of letting this man absorb my thoughts, as he did.

'Cab, sir? cab, sir?'

I was passing the long cab-rank at Holborn Bars, and I suppose my sidelong glances and wavering, undecided gait had aroused the attention of the cabmen. Why did I shake my head in sign of negation, and pass on? Not, certainly, from a deliberate preference of the paltry saving—the fare from Holborn Bars to Park Village being no mighty matter—to safety from whatever danger might be on my track. No, it was the tyrannical power of habit; that power which rules us all, especially in trifles, and which urged me on. I had laid down for myself as a maxim, never to hire a cab when alone, and in my constant progress to and from the City, I had saved a good deal of loose silver by a strict adherence to this self-denying plan. Although a partner in a well-known firm, I had not long been promoted from the desk, and was by no means rich enough to disregard small savings. I therefore half mechanically refused a cab, and continued my way on foot.

Arrived at Southampton Street, I hesitated. My ordinary route lay to the right, across the squares, and so towards home, far off in the north-west district. But I could not face the loneliness of those great desolate enclosures, with such a shadow at my heels, and I knew that my best security was in holding to the more populous thoroughfares. Straight on, then, I went along New Oxford Street, and without actually turning my head, I contrived to get an occasional sidelong peep at the man behind me. He never swerved for one instant from his steady pursuit. Tottenham Court Road at last, with its muddy and encumbered crossing, its numerous lights, and its roar of jostling traffic where several great arteries of London met. Three or more omnibuses, all full, and a number of drays and cabs, were mixed up in confusion, with the usual bawling and flogging, stamping of hoofs and rasping of wheels, while a policeman was very busy in restoring order.

He stood at the corner, with his arm uplifted, waving back an obstinate driver, and the lamplight fell full on his shiny hat, and the striped bracelet round his blue sleeve. He was the first of the force I had met, and for a moment the idea of appealing to him for protection, for the removal of the annoying satellite at my heels, flashed upon my mind. Would it be very absurd or cowardly, I wondered, to act thus. I glanced back; my follower had halted on seeing me halt, and stood motionless. For a minute or two, I stood among the persons who had gathered to gaze at the 'lock' of vehicles and the gesticulating constable, and feigned to be absorbed in the sight, while I was weighing the question whether or not to speak. The 'lock' came to an end; the drays, cabs, 'buses', rumbled by, and a caravan of foot-passengers went stumbling across. The policeman rested a moment, looking up and down the street. I approached, and

was clearing my voice to address him. Ten yards off loomed the uncouth figure of the spy.

What choked my voice and drowned the words before they could find utterance? An Englishman's fear of ridicule, and nothing else. Had the constable been alone, I should have pointed out the suspicious figure following me. But about the corner had clustered a knot of rough fellows in tattered fustian, bantering and jeering one another and the passers-by, in half-tipsy waggishness, and I could not make my mind up to speak before them, and to become their laughing-stock by a tacit confession of timidity.

I waited, paced to and fro, tried to catch the officer's eye. The policeman never observed me. He adjusted his belt, struck his gloved hands together to warm them, and went on along his beat. The opportunity was lost.

As I darted at a swinging pace down Tottenham Court Road, pushing hastily past those ahead of me, and shouldering the living stream in a reckless manner which provoked more than one uncomplimentary speech, my thoughts were busy indeed. Old superstitions, half-forgotten events, came crowding on my memory. It was Friday, an unlucky day in popular credence. I had never connected the idea of misfortune with the day before, but as I remembered the solemn manner in which I had heard my grandmother rebuke sceptics on the subject, I winced uncomfortably. Suppose, just suppose some mischief were to happen to me, some serious mischief, who could say how sad the results might be for those I loved, and who were dependent on me? Little Polly and Lucy at home; Harry, named after my brother in the colonies, and who had just gone to school, what would become of them if I were taken away? And Jane, my dear thoughtful Jane, who had cheered me so long and unselfishly through my struggles, was she to be plunged back into poverty so lately escaped, so bravely borne? This might come to pass—if—

He was on my traces yet, unswerving and vigilant. He made no effort to approach, but kept me well in view, and maintained his position, walk as fast as I might. His big form looked bigger and more threatening as night fell, and the shadows darkened.

'I declare,' said I, conquering habit by a mental effort, 'I'll hail the first empty cab I see.'

So I did, in effect, or rather I hailed several passing cabs, none of which happened to be disengaged, and got for answer a brief shake of the head or a total absence of attention.

'After all,' said I, plucking up resolution from my disappointment, 'I may as well walk. This fellow is perhaps no garrotter—some private detective, I dare say, on the track of the wrong man, and he will presently tail off. At the worst, he is alone, to the best of my knowledge.'

But when I got into the Hampstead Road, and towards the end of the broad frequented thoroughfare, I found myself lingering to stare into shop-windows, deriving a curious interest from gazing at quartern loaves, whole sheep, greens, mildewed prints of fabulous fashions, and even a hideous doll's head decorated with the wire and brown-paper skeleton of a bonnet. I could scarcely bear, in fact, to go on into the net-work of lonely little streets in front of me, and I stood shivering and hesitating on their verge, like a timid bather on the bank of a chilly river. Yet I felt that I *must* go on. I had some pride left. Very nervous I was, but not so dead to a sense of shame that I would appeal to the passers-by, or enter a shop to ask for protection.

The man in the rough coat was in no hurry: when I stepped out, he stepped out; when I dawdled, so did he. There he was, affecting to be as much absorbed in contemplating the shop-windows as I; but he never relaxed his watchfulness, and when I moved, he moved. A cab was coming up, empty, as I guessed, by its slow pace, which was far within the

moderate speed enjoined by act of parliament. I raised my umbrella. The man did not remark the signal. I called out lustily.

'I can't take another fare, sir, if it was ever so. My 'oss is dead-ban' and ill, too, and I must get him into the stable as soon as I can.'

He jogged on, and I made the plunge which I had so dreaded, and, with a sinking heart, pursued my way towards the wan lamps and the quiet streets. My follower held sturdily on; I heard his heavy foot-fall on the silent pavement, and as I looked fearfully back, there he was. A couple of quick strides, and he could seize me by the throat. He had a clear stage now, for the very few passengers we met seemed only intent on making the best of their way, and were not likely to interfere in case of a scuffle. It had ceased to rain, but a damp chill pervaded the air, and the sky was inky black.

I should soon be home now, under ordinary circumstances, but I knew that now or never must come the crisis. That tall form had not stalked at my heels from the City for nothing, and the lonely quarter we were traversing gave small prospect of rescue to the weaker party. How I wished for a weapon, or, better still, for muscles hardened by outdoor exercise, and the robust strength which is seldom possessed by a city-bred man! Many a stout countryman, I knew, would make light of such an encounter as that which menaced me with a single antagonist. But I was what London air and sedentary habits had made me—no match for the brawny ruffian behind me, and yet I resolved to resist to the best of my power. How long the way seemed, with those heavy boots ringing on the flagstones three yards off, and no reasonable hope of getting off unharmed! Sorely tempted to run, I yet restrained myself, and betrayed no apprehension.

My thoughts succeeded one another rapidly, and they were bitter enough. For my life, I had not much fear, but I might be disfigured, maimed—might be long laid up, unfit for business, nay, might receive some injury which would numb the subtle convolutions of the brain, and change me into a drivelling idiot for the rest of my existence. Such things had been before, as I knew too well, when bludgeons and nailed highlows were in free use on the battered, bleeding victim of the garrotter's assault. And my poor wife and children would suffer in my suffering. Although a banker, I had little capital beyond my own industry and knowledge of business; my life was uninsured, my share in the bank but a modest one; and our happiness—the happiness of a whole family—was at the mercy of a chance blow.

Northumberland Villa! How bright and kindly looked the lamp that had twinkled me a welcome so often!—the household beacon that I had many a night been pleased to see, when weary of the cares and battles of the outer world! But to-night its radiance seemed saddened. I was near my home, not in it, and many a slip might ensue between cup and lip. Perhaps I should never enter my own house save as a ghastly, blood-besmeared load, carried by those who had picked me up, rifled and insensible, with gory face and throat blackened by strangulation, out of the street-mud.

He had come nearer, as if he divined that the goal was all but reached, and that I should soon be safe. With a swift, tigerish stride, he had diminished the distance between us, and could be upon me in an instant. Both his muscular hands were now concealed in his pockets. Although a peaceful man, I could hardly help springing at his throat, to finish the affair, and make an end of the suspense. But now I was close to the door—close, yet I hardly relaxed my speed, reluctant as I was to give my grim shadow warning of my intention. Suddenly I stopped, and thrust out my hand to grasp the door-bell. The light of the lamp fell broad and clear on my face. With a

smothered cry, just as my fingers closed upon the cold metal of the bell-pull, the fellow made a dart forward, and threw his powerful arms round my neck.

The 'hug' at last!—here, on my own threshold! Despair, anger, indignation gave me new force, and while I tugged at the bell, sending a sharp, continuous peal ringing through the house, I fought and struggled in the ruffian's grasp with a power that surprised myself. The door flew open, and Jemima, with wide-open eyes, and Buttons the page, appeared, with my wife's pretty, frightened face looking out from the background, and the little ones prattling and peeping in the midst. The garrotter had let me go, his cap had fallen off in the struggle.

'Good heavens, John, don't you know me?' he gasped out.

'Know you!—I—why, it can't be Harry!' said I faintly.

'Yes, it is Harry!—Harry—Brother Harry from Australia!' said the big man, picking up his cap; 'and a pretty trot you've given me, John, my boy.'

To shake Harry's hand till my own ached, to bring him in and bid him kiss his new sister, Jane, whom I had courted and married since he went off to Australia, fifteen years ago, and to make an entry into the snug, well-lit drawing-room, was a moment's work.

A manly fellow my brother, with his dark curling hair, his tanned face, and the huge bushy beard of the colonial stock-farming cut—a brave fellow, and a good, kind fellow, well to do, owing to his steady industry on the other side of the world, and come home to marry an honest English girl, as I hope, to brighten his fireside in Victoria. He was soon at home; the children took to him at once; and as for Jane, she knew him well by report, and he had sent her many a present and many a kind message.

'But how came you, Harry, to follow me thus?'

'Well, John, here's the long and short of it. I came by the *Blue Bell*, and reached London at 3.15. When I had got my traps to the Golden Cross, and secured a bed, I posted citywards to catch you; but I found it was after bank-hours, and I had lost your letter announcing your change of residence, and no more knew your address than the Wandering Jew's. Then I saw a fellow coming along, and, thinks I, there's Jack!—but you're a good deal altered, John, paler and fatter for these fifteen years of London—and, on my life, I didn't care to speak, lest it might be a mistake, though I tracked you on the chance, till I got a good look. That's all, John.'

LIFE ON ASCENSION.

We were on our homeward voyage from Australia, had touched at the Cape of Good Hope, and re-embarked and passed St Helena, when on the 2d January, two days after leaving that island, our happy Christmas amusements and pleasant anticipations of England before us, were broken in upon by the announcement that steam or smoke was issuing from the forepart of the ship. Using the most active exertions by battering down the hatches, cutting holes in the deck, and pumping in as much water as the fire-engine force-pump could throw amongst the cargo, consisting of wool, now smouldering into flame, we were successful in keeping the devouring element under till we arrived at the island of Ascension, where it turned out, on examination, that one of the deck-beams had been charred to a cinder throughout its whole length, the deck nearly burned through in several places, and many of the bales of wool reduced to ashes. While during these three trying days we had borne our part with the officers and crew in endeavouring to extinguish the fire, we had fortunately sighted a Dutch bark, on board of which our female passengers and children had been placed in safety, and keeping each other company, we now anchored in Clarence Bay, and

landed on the island of Ascension on the 5th of January.

Here we were immediately transferred to the *Meander* man-of-war; the lady-passengers and female steerage passengers and their children being accommodated with a house on shore, while the cargo was being got out of our own ship, and the damage done by the fire repaired.

Landing on the broad stone steps cut out of the solid rock, styled the 'Pier Head,' a point not always easily accessible, owing to the fury with which the rollers break upon this coast, we were met by the governor, Captain B——, and other officers of the island, to whose kindness and hospitality we owe it, that what at first seemed a month's imprisonment till the arrival of the Cape mail-steamer, by which we had resolved on finishing the remainder of our voyage, became a period of interest and enjoyment.

Installed in the quarters kindly given up to our use, we soon made ourselves familiar with the appearance of the little town or garrison. To our right was an abrupt conical hill, called Flagstaff or Cross Hill, from which are signalled the various steamers and vessels approaching the island. On the face of the hill, a little above and to the right of the town, was the residence of the governor, at the same time commandant of the island and captain of the *Meander*. The town consisted of the church, the hospital, the store, a library with reading-room, a mess-room, and the officers' quarters. No pavement covered the sides of the street, to ease the feet of the traveller foot-sore with walking over such a rugged road; not a tree, not a vestige of anything green, softened the harsh volcanic aspect of the place, except where, here and there, a tubful of earth stationed in front of the house, with an acacia or some oriental shrub growing in it, shewed that the inmate prosecuted gardening even under difficulties. These were the quarters of the officers; while on the left-hand side, coming up from the pier, stood the huts of the marines. But Europeans constitute only one-third of the population of Ascension, the Africans or Krumen amounting to two hundred, and occupying a number of huts by themselves, which are consequently christened Kru Town. This little village of 'darkies' is on the right-hand side of the pier, about half-way between it and the garrison cemetery. The latter place, a neat little enclosure with white sand-walks, contains the remains of many who have died on the island, while recruiting from the effects of the coast-fever. Several of the graves were supplied with wooden slabs dashed with the white sand of Ascension, which gave them the appearance of stone, while others had been furnished with funeral tablets sent out from England.

As the island and its inhabitants are under the rule of the captain of the *Meander*, who is changed every three or four years—as the soil is incapable of supporting either animal or vegetable life, except in a very limited degree towards the summit—and as every article of food is imported, it is absolutely necessary that all people living at Ascension should be placed under discipline, and have their food served out like rations on board ship. In consequence of this, at 5.30 A.M. a bugle-sound rouses all sleepers. At 6, marines, sailors, and Krumen muster on the parade-ground, and are assigned their day's occupation. It is usual with the officers and civilians, if any, to rise at this hour, and after taking a cup of tea, go out for a morning walk, this being the coolest hour in the day, for the sun does not rise till 7; but as soon as it is up, the heat is very intense; indeed, those who have been long resident on the island aver, that from 7 to 8 in the morning is the hottest part of the day. At 7 A.M., the lieutenant or captain of marines attends on the parade-ground to distribute the milk brought down on mules' backs from the foot of Green Mountain. The only pasture-ground that

exists on Ascension is situated on the summit of the island, and is reached by a winding road about seven miles long. By the time the milk has reached its destination, much of it has been turned into butter; this is strained off with a sieve, and becomes the perquisite of the officer on duty—the only fresh butter met with on the island; while so scarce and so valuable is the milk, that a gill is the allowance to each person. No distinction is made between male and female, child and adult; but in the matter of water, which is only rain collected in a large tank, a gallon more is given to a female than a male; and so highly prized is this extra allowance, that a mother, on the birth of a son, has been known to express her sorrow for its sex, with: 'Oh, I wish it had been a girl, for then I should have had another gallon of water.'

At 8 A.M., a bell is rung for breakfast; at 9, for resuming work—the chaplain sometimes holding prayers in the interval; at 1 P.M., for dinner; at 6, for supper; at 9 P.M., for retiring to rest. Of course, these bells are not intended for officers and civilians, most of whom dine at 6 P.M., but solely for the work-people. Rations are served every day at a certain hour, as on board ship, and your servant, whether marine or African, is expected to attend and get your allowance. These consist usually of salt beef or pork, with two or three times a week an allowance of fresh meat, but so lean and dry after a four-weeks' voyage from the Cape of Good Hope, that it is more like a piece of horn or glue; biscuits or flour, rice, preserved vegetables, and other articles. When a goat or kid is killed—since these animals are kept for the sake of their milk, of which, or of flesh, there cannot be much, as they are fed entirely on biscuits—it is considered the correct thing to invite your friends to dinner, or to forward a piece to each; while the present of a fowl or a pair of pigeons is looked upon as a great compliment. A bottle of beer is allowed to each adult a day, but for this he pays; but the 'darkie,' who draws his at the same price as the white (a shilling a bottle), stows it away for future speculation, waiting till some man-of-war comes in, when, by smuggling it off to the ship, he will make a clear profit of 1s. 6d. a bottle out of Jack. Fish naturally forms a large part of the sustenance of these islanders, and consists chiefly of rock cod, cavally, and rock oysters—the last of which, it may be remarked, are not oysters at all. Twice a day, boats are sent out by the direction of the governor, and when they return—usually about 9.30 A.M. and 3 P.M.—a bell is rung, when your servant is expected to attend and draw your share, which will vary according to the haul. So much do the habits of the people assimilate to a life on board ship, that a kitchen goes by the name of a galley; and the officers' quarters, the only street on the island, as well as the interior of the church, are lighted up at night with ship-lamps.

As Ascension is situated a few degrees south of the line, it is, of course, exceedingly hot; but, fortunately for its inhabitants, has the redeeming and salubrious feature of lying in the very track of the south-east trade-winds, advantage of which has been taken by glazing the windows on one side of the house only, while on the other, which is exposed to the breeze, wire-gauze is substituted.

The roadstead, like all the harbours on the southern coast of Africa, is exposed to the inroad of heavy rollers; to prevent loss of life from which, a flag is hoisted to indicate danger; and when two are up, no one is permitted either to leave the shore or the ships in the offing. Sometimes the phenomenon will exist of heavy rollers close inshore, and a perfectly smooth sea some two or three hundred yards beyond, which is accounted for on the supposition, that there has been a heavy gale far out at sea, the evidence of which crops out in shallower water near the land.

To those who are not conversant with the appear-

ance of Ascension, we cannot give a better idea of its scoriaceous aspect than by comparing it with those large hills of refuse coal and shale disintegrated from the workings of an extensive coal-mine, only that volcanic action has given the cinders of Ascension a more compact and vitreous structure. Small as the island is—it being but ten miles long by five broad—there are many points of interest worth visiting.

The convalescent hospital and the pasturage-ground, which are situated near the summit of the island, constitute one of the usual excursions of visitors. It is reached by a zigzag road about seven miles long, and as the exposure to the sun is very great, the expedition requires a propitiously cool day. There are, of course, no carriages to be had for hire to take a party up this ascent; but one vehicle, bequeathed by a former commandant to the ladies of the island, is usually at the service of visitors, which in our own case was most kindly supplemented by that of the governor. Mules are the beasts of burden on the island, horses being seldom met with. It is on this pasturage-ground that the cows are fed which supply the inhabitants with milk, and that the few trees capable of flourishing on those volcanic ashes exist. Job's tears drop in abundance from the tree that produces them, in this fit place for a weeping penitent. Ferns flourish on the small green patch, two indigenous, the others imported; while a variety of esculent vegetables—cabbages, turnips, &c.—are reared for the use of the patients in the hospital. There is but one plant indigenous to the island which is brought to table and cooked as food, and that is purslain, which, to those who are not over-fastidious in taste, may form a tolerable substitute for lettuce in the composition of a salad.

Another excursion is to 'Comfortless Cove,' a rocky inlet some three or four miles from the landing-place, accessible either by a rough track over the volcanic hillocks, or more comfortably by boat, and bearing its cheerless name from the last resting-place of the crews of several ships who died victims to the coast-fever. They were landed here, and located in tents, in order to prevent the spread of the disease to the other inhabitants of the island, and as one after another succumbed, they were buried by heaping great piles or tumuli of cinders on their coffins. Some of these mounds are whitewashed, and receive an annual coating from some attentive hand, and others are distinguished by a cross or some such simple memorial.

A favourite spot for picnics is styled 'Wide-awake Fair,' a rocky part of the coast where innumerable flocks of birds of a duck or guillemot species have taken up their quarters, where, on firing a gun, countless myriads immediately rise up from the crevices in the rock, darkening the sky with their numbers, and deafening the visitor with their incessant quack.

On the south-west side of the island is a bay, named 'Turtle Bay,' where these animals, which constitute no small part of the sustenance of the inhabitants, are captured. It is usually the females that are taken as they come up on the beach to lay their eggs; this they do by depositing them on the shore, and having scratched up a quantity of sand with their hind feet, and covered them over, leave them there to be incubated by the heat of the sun. Having accomplished the work for which she came on shore, the turtle makes immediately for the sea, but is interrupted on her return, and being turned over on her back, is allowed to lie there in a helpless position till the boat signalled for from the 'Pier Head' comes round to convey all that may have been taken to the turtle-ponds, situated on the left side of the pier, where they are kept till required for consumption.

Of course, from a barren island like this there are not many curiosities which the traveller can carry home as a memento of his visit. Hard vitreous pieces

of the lavas which constitute the bulk of the island are common in the hands of collectors; the white sand found in some of the sheltered bays, composed entirely of finely pounded shells, with which the walks of the little cemetery are strewn; and the crystal sand from the bay of that name, which, when placed under the microscope, looks like minute portions of precious stones.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A SHORT note read before the Royal Society on the spectra of some of the fixed stars, is worth mention, as shewing that almost simultaneous observations of stars with the spectroscope were made in this country and in America. Mr Rutherford of New York, having placed a prism, with other needful appliances, inside his telescope, was enabled to take spectra of fourteen principal stars, which he compared with those of the sun and moon. The results are interesting. 'The star-spectra,' he says, 'present such varieties that it is difficult to point out any mode of classification.' So for the present he divides them into three groups: 1. Those of which the lines and bands most nearly resemble those of the sun—the reddish or golden stars, of which Capella and Arcturus are examples. 2. Those of which Sirius is the type, white stars, presenting spectra wholly unlike that of the sun. 3. Those comprising *alpha* Virginis, Rigel, &c., also white stars, but shewing no lines. 'Perhaps,' says Mr Rutherford, 'these contain no mineral substance, or are incandescent without flame.' And he continues: 'One thought I cannot forbear suggesting—we have long known that "one star differeth from another star in glory;" we have now the strongest evidence that they also differ in constituent materials—some of them perhaps having no elements to be found in some other. What, then, becomes,' he asks, 'of that homogeneity of original diffuse matter which is almost a logical necessity of the nebular hypothesis?'

Father Secchi of the Observatory at Rome has taken up the question of Force as expounded by Professor Tyndall in his lecture last year at the Royal Institution—namely, that the sun is the centre or origin of all the physical forces or movements with which we are acquainted. 'But how,' inquires the Roman astronomer, 'does this movement or series of movements return to the sun? Who knows but what that part of the heat thus emanating from the sun, which is not lost by radiation into space, is converted into an impulsion of the mass of the earth towards the sun?' The meaning of this is, that as heat produces motion, so a certain quantity of the motion which comes to us from the sun is not reflected or sent back again, but remains imprisoned in the mass of the globe. This imprisonment of an energetic principle should go on without limit, if some mode of escape, of maintaining the due balance, were not found. This mode of escape, or discharge, may be, as Father Secchi expresses it, 'an incessant fall of the earth towards the sun.' Thus, in this view, the overplus of power that comes to us from the sun, is the means by which the earth is compelled, year by year, to follow its orbit round the great central luminary. This is one of the most interesting questions in physical astronomy, and we shall watch with interest for the observations which the astronomers of Europe may make thereupon.

A new traction-engine has been tried at Rochester, manufactured by a firm of that town, for a copper-mining company in Australia, who intend to use engines of the same kind for the transport of their ore from the mines to the coast, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles. The economy, it appears, will be great; the transport at present costs ten pounds a ton, while with the traction-engine it will not be

more than two pounds. The engine in question drew a load of forty tons contained in six wagons, turned sharp corners, travelled along narrow streets, ascended hills of which the rise is one in twelve and one in eight, the rate of speed throughout the trial varying from three to six miles an hour. The result may be regarded as satisfactory, and conclusive on the question as to whether steam-power can be advantageously used on common roads.

We notice in a foreign journal that the heavy oil of bitumen has been used with advantage for the lubrication of the insides of heaters and boilers of large engines. A manufacturer at Mulhouse states that he finds the use of the oil economical, since, when applied to the inner surface of a boiler, it prevents the incrustation which does so much harm, and by keeping the metal clean, requires a smaller consumption of fuel. Moreover, a clean boiler lasts longer than a foul one. Considering that there are seventy patents for the prevention of deposits in boilers, this seems worth notice.

The Pneumatic Dispatch through underground tubes has become a fact, and mail-bags full of letters are now blown from the Euston Square terminus to the central post-office of the north-west district. The success of this portion incites to further operations, and we are promised that our much-vexed metropolitan streets shall be again dug up to lay miles on miles of tubes for the use of the post-office, and deliverers of small parcels. In anticipating the hindrance that will ensue in crowded thoroughfares, we the more appreciate the subway which underlies the new street in Southwark, and which is to be constructed beneath the new street planned to extend from Blackfriars Bridge to the Mansion House in connection with the Thames Embankment. In these subways, which may be described as well-built tunnels running along the middle of a street, pipes of any kind may be fixed or repaired, and led into houses through the lateral openings without disturbing the surface.

Underground dispatch has been also attempted by the electricians: they place a small carriage on a railway within a tube, in which insulated wires and coils are properly fixed. The carriage is furnished with an electric battery connected with the wires, and when these and the coils are charged, the carriage runs forwards at considerable speed.

Among recent American inventions, we notice a machine which, by the rotation of two spiral rods, will mix dough, clay or plaster, or churn butter, or beat eggs. The spirals being right and left handed, produce such a commotion in the vessel as thoroughly to mix and agitate whatever is placed therein.—Another is a coal-oil lamp, which has a reservoir containing water placed immediately below the perforated air-chamber, so that the steam produced by the heating of the water mixes with the air, passes upwards to the base of the flame, thereby rendering the light clear and brilliant, and neutralising the unpleasant smell of the oil.—Another is a weighing scale for the use of iron manufacturers, which comprises a series of levers bearing the weights, that may be connected with or detached from the platform at pleasure: the advantage being that each ingredient may have its own lever and weight undisturbed, that the levers may be enclosed in a case and locked up, shewing nothing more than a small projecting pin in a slot, by which means the workmen employed to weigh are kept ignorant of the proportions used in the manufacture of different kinds of iron.—Another is a grain-hinder, an adjunct to the reaping-machine, which ties the corn in bundles as fast as it is cut. The mode of operation appears to be that when the stalks fall on the platform, they are grasped by an arm, which pulls them tightly into a frame, where a length of wire is passed round the bundle, and cut, and fastened by twisting its ends by the turning of a crank. Then the jaws open, the bundle is released, the nippers seize the end of the

wire, and all is ready for the next sheaf. Whether this contrivance is likely to be as useful as it is ingenious, we leave to agriculturists to decide; but whatever may be the opinion of farmers, we think that poets and painters would protest against the use of iron-bound wheat-sheaves.—Another Yankee notion is an inner shoe-sole, through which damp cannot rise to the foot. It consists of a thin brass plate placed between two slices of wood, all held together by eye-lets, which, as the inventor describes, admit a circulation of air.

The New Jersey Zinc Company (United States) manufacture a peculiar kind of white pig iron, which has been discovered to possess a remarkable property. If this be coarsely pulverised and sprinkled on a red or white hot bar of wrought iron, the powdered pig iron melts and flows entirely over the surface of the bar, producing a sort of case-hardened enamel, which resists the edge of tools. It is thought that ornamental surfaces of cast iron may be enamelled in a similar way.

In a discussion which took place on the reading of a paper on Ropemaking, before the Institution of Mechanical Engineers at Birmingham, certain facts were mentioned which will interest persons who use ropes in their business. It had been found by experience that hemp-ropes made by hand were stronger than those made by machinery; hence the use of the machines had been given up at Deptford Dockyard. The strength of different kinds of hemp is thus stated: taking the breaking-weight of St Petersburg hemp-ropes at 100, that of Italian hemp-ropes is 107, and of Manila rope, 73. Tarred rope is weaker than untarred, other circumstances being the same, for the quality of the tar seriously affects the strength of the rope. Hence the strongest ropes are hawser-laid or three-strand ropes made of untarred Italian or Russian hemp. Comparing metal with hemp: an iron wire-rope $1\frac{1}{8}$ inch diameter broke with a weight of 18½ tons; a hemp-rope to bear the same load would require to be nearly 3 inches diameter; it would weigh 16 pounds to the fathom, while a fathom of the wire-rope would not weigh more than 10 pounds. One of the latest wire-rope-making machines will turn out 10,000 yards of strand in 10 hours: four times the quantity of former machines. Steel wire-ropes are from 10 to 50 per cent. stronger than ropes of iron wire; but both become brittle by use, for the same reason that railway-carriage axles become brittle—namely, through the crystallisation produced by long-continued friction. Hemp-ropes do not crystallise; but 'beyond a certain depth, a hemp-rope used for winding in a pit would kill itself; that is, the great weight of the rope itself hanging down the pit, and the consequent continued stretching every time it was lowered, would eventually cause it to become almost rotten.' It is possible, however, by greater care in the process of manufacture, to increase the strength of hempen ropes. A compound rope strengthened by metal is sometimes made; it contains a wire in the centre of each yarn; and these yarns are spun into ropes in the ordinary way.

The Society of Arts have been discussing Submarine Telegraphs, the Growth of Cotton in India, and Cooking Dépôts for the Working Classes. The last subject was well supported by reference to what has been accomplished at Glasgow, where fourteen dépôts have been opened to supply breakfasts and dinners to the working-classes, good in quality and moderate in price. At these places, a breakfast may be had for a penny, or for fourpence; and a dinner for the same sum, well cooked, and served with proper regard to order and cleanliness. The success has been so complete, that we hope to see other large towns following the example of Glasgow. Good cookery has a civilising influence; it checks the craving for the stimulus of alcoholic drinks.

Dr Frankland's lecture on Artificial Illumination, delivered at the Royal Institution, was an able exposi-

tion of the progress made in that branch of art during the past ten years. Within that period, the electric light had been successfully introduced for the illumination of light-houses, as at the South Foreland. Gas had been improved; so much so, that the objectionable sulphur compounds so much complained of in ordinary gas could now be got rid of by heating the gas with hydrate of lime, during the process of manufacture, up to a temperature of 400 degrees. A heretofore unknown compound of coal-gas—acetylene—had been discovered by Berthelot, a French chemist, which it is thought will have great influence on the manufacture of gas in future. Then there was the rock-oil, of which already 180,000,000 gallons had been exported from Canada alone; and Dr Frankland places this oil and paraffine foremost among substances useful for ordinary illuminating purposes. But it requires a properly constructed lamp; and the lecturer exhibited one with a modification introduced by himself, which consists of an outside cylinder wherein the air becomes heated, and in turn heats the pipe through which the oil or gas passes; hence the atmosphere and the burning fluid meet at a high temperature. By this means, a better light is produced with a saving of cost. Dr Frankland thinks that the course of scientific investigation will some day lead to the discovery of a process by which the heat of coal will be transferred directly into light and electricity.

We observe that a communication has been made to the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, which is likely to be interesting to paper-makers, as it describes a fibrous plant, possessed, so far as we can judge, of the qualities so much desired by all who own paper-mills. The plant is one of the malvaceous or mallow tribe, known to botanists as the *Hibiscus Moscheutos* or *palustris*, and grows well on swampy grounds which the ordinary farmer regards as waste. It is indigenous in some of the northern United States, and has been named American jute; but it is entirely different from the plant which produces the jute of India. The person by whom its qualities were discovered sowed an acre of ground in the neighbourhood of Burlington, New Jersey, with *Hibiscus* seeds; the plants grew well, unmolested by insects, and the estimate is that the acre will yield three and a half tons of fibre. It appears further, that the fibre can be easily separated from the pith: for rope-making it is said to be superior to Manila hemp; and the paper-makers of Philadelphia consider it worth one hundred dollars a ton as a substitute for rags. Specimens of the rope were laid before the Institute, and an examination of the fibre led to the conclusion that it would be suitable for various kinds of woven goods.

THE CUCKOO.

WHEN a warm and scented steam
Rises from the flowering earth;
When the green leaves are all still,
And the song-birds cease their mirth;
In the silence before rain,
Comes the cuckoo back again.

When the spring is all but gone—
Tearful April, laughing May—
When a hush comes on the woods,
And the sunbeams cease to play;
In the silence before rain,
Comes the cuckoo's voice again.

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